

## Pretty Millinery Confections Displayed in Paris

The Hats of the Season Are But Masses of Brilliant Colorings

THE farther the season advances the stronger grows the demand for new clothes. Much as the mowers come forth in the springtime comes this annual desire for the latest and most fashionable in the way of feminine garments—and I doubt not but that the masculine gender have much the same desire. We are ever ready to follow the beautiful example of Nature when she breaks out in all the splendor of her green freshness. It is this freshness of nature that seems to bring discredit upon our winter garments, and causes the feminine heart to wish for the lovely toilettes of the spring season.

Consequently the quest for the new gown, the new hat, the new jacket and the various etceteras of the toilette

the present time one would scarcely think that anything so decidedly English as these charming little hats could be fashionable in Paris, but they are. They are to-day quite as popular as they ever were in England, and if you want to get an expensive one, just ask for one made in England, and the price will be high enough to suit you. At the same time, these hats made right here in Paris may be bought quite cheaply.

Large toques are coming more and more into fashion, and are taking the place of the large hat. I saw a lovely one the other day, and it is to adorn the head of a young bride when she goes away. It was a pale gray, somewhat flat at the sides, and had pale gray wings covered with gray tulle,



THREE CHARMING HATS OF PARIS.

is still the most enthralling occupation of the moment, though Easter Sunday has already come and gone.

There are lovely gowns, and lovely hats, and lovely jackets, and all the other feminine apparel, but just now it is of the hats that I intend to write. That is, I will write of hats provided I can keep my mind away from the burning gowns and jackets long enough to give you a fair idea of just a few of the hats that are being worn and shown in the shops of Paris during these early exhibition days.

The great fair was not completed on the opening day; the carpenters were still busy about the unfinished buildings; exhibitors were hurrying here and there in an effort to place their displays in the best possible condition at the earliest possible moment, but to the feminine visitor Paris need lose none of its interest because of this lack of completion of the exposition. If they will only do as I have to do—and I assure you it is a very pleasant occupation for any woman—and accept the sights offered by the great shops in lieu of those which are not yet ready at the exposition grounds, they will be well repaid for their time. As for the men folks—well, they should take delight in the enjoyment of the ladies.

But as for these hats. They are very gay in Paris this season, and the large windows given up to their display are great masses of brilliant color-

and in the center was a handsome pierre de strasse buckle. Under the brim at the side was a full fringe of the narrowest pale blue velvet.

The traveling dress, to match, was very charming. It was of gray cloth with embroidery of raised roses, through which peeped a background of pale blue miroir velours.

But there I go running off into gowns, as I rather expected I should. Now I will go back to the hats again and give a few descriptions of some of the lovely ones that I have seen.

One of these Parisian confections was of a fancy tulle straw in shell pink, the brim lined with drawn black net, and a huge rosette of the same airy fabric wired into stiffness, and edged with pink satin baby ribbon. Exquisitely shaded wall flowers in masses at the front.

A bewildering picture hat on the large toque order is of blue crinoline. The brim of this hat has a full fringe of black lace, which falls over the edge. A wreath of large yellow roses placed around the crown and their green foliage entirely covers the top.

A hat of a striking white fancy braid covered with fine black lace. The brim



TWO OF THE SUMMER CONFECTIONS.

ings. Nearly every one of them is piled with bright tulle and enormous flowers, much more so than last year. Then, too, there is the vine and feather, both of them favorite decorations. The paradise feathers, with their bright colorings, are a prominent feature of many of the most elaborate of the hats one sees, and it is enough to make the poor woman whose pocketbook will not permit such extravagance turn green with envy just to gaze at them.

But there is another fancy in hats in Paris, and to me it is a peculiar one, that is having quite as great a run as these heavily trimmed hats with their expensive trimmings that is within reach of the poorer classes. I refer to the sad for the English sailor hats. With all the bluster that the French people are making about England at

is raised in front on a deep bandeau, on which is arranged a bunch of red roses, with a bunch of red and white roses on the crown. Narrow black velvet ribbon strings tied in a coquettish bow at one side.

A novel, yet pretty, hat is made of a vivid red braid, with fancy white braid around the edge. It is caught on the top with a large pearl buckle that holds the front and back brim together. A pompon of vivid red silk at one side, with the end of the silk running through the buckle, and fastened at the back with small loops.

SADIE MERRITT.

To Make Garbage Heavy.

Bridgeport (Conn.) contractors are charged with adulterating garbage with water and marble dust in order to make it weigh more and thus increase their pay for removing it.

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermon About the Elder Brother.

Lesson of the Parable—He Denounces Self-Righteousness and Lack of Sympathy for the Fallen and Unfortunate.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

In this discourse Dr. Talmage pleads for a hearty reception to all those who have done wrong and want to get back, while the unsympathetic and self-righteous are excommunicated; text, Luke 15:11, "And he was angry and would not go in."

Many times have I been asked to preach a sermon about the elder brother of the parable. I received a letter from Canada saying: "Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition?" The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermon breeze and the cranking of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that it has been difficult for me to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I could not get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were too poor, or the sifter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him, not a side face or a three-quarters or the mere bust, but a full length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the arid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the leeward side, and the other goes down over the starboard side, but they both go down.

From all the windows of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries, not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals. "Thrum!" go the harps. "Click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion he asks of a servant passing by with a goutskin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined the oriental schottish. No, there he stands, his brow lowers; his face darkens; his lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation; he sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast, coming out on the air, do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticizes the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scene. He says: "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I staid at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid. That wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but this scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him! He breaks your heart, and you pay him for it. That calf, to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks, wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it. That vagabond deserves to be cowbided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him." That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question: "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacker answered: "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom I meant he said: "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man I was irritated."

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self-congratulatory, self-satisfied, self-worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. The self-righteous man of my text, like every other self-righteous man, was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he staid out. He was a liar, for he said that the recreant son had devoured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, had instruments of music, had jewels, had a mansion, and instead of being a pauper, was a prince. This senior brother, with so

many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them; keep your hand on your pocketbook! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that has had more goods in the show window than inside on the shelves.

This self-righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher life men. The one is admirable, and the other is most repulsive. The one kind of higher life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and Heaven, gets kinder and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a-wing, and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm, goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist, is a sort of nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home, runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills or running up a difficult list of figures and asks him how his soul is, makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha. Standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on that by climbing many years they may after awhile come up within sight of the place where he now stands. I tell you plainly that a roaring, roistering, bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me as that higher life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never gets over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the parable came back, but the senior brother stands outside entirely oblivious to his own delinquencies and defects, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I would go in too and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing were genuine; but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas, my friends, for the incredulity in the church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recreant! You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say, "Yes, but he has reformed." "Oh," you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken; I hope you are not mistaken." You say: "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal or strike the timbrel too loud; and, if you kill a calf, kill the one that is on the commons and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of Heaven that has not in it a prodigal that returned and staid home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all the aisles of this church to-day and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in Heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return.

An invalid went to South America for his health and one day sat sunning himself on the beach when he saw something crawling up the beach, wriggling toward him, and he was frightened. He thought it was a wild beast or a reptile, and he took his pistol from his pocket. Then he saw it was not a wild beast. It was a man, an immortal man, a man made in God's own image, and the poor wretch crawled up to the feet of the invalid and asked for strong drink, and the invalid took his wine flask from his pocket and gave the poor wretch something to drink, and then under the stimulus he rose up and gave his history. He had been a merchant in Glasgow, Scotland. He had gone down under the power of strong drink until he was so reduced in poverty that he was living in a boat just off the beach. "Why," said the invalid, "I knew a merchant in Glasgow once, a merchant of such such a name." And the poor wretch straightened himself and said: "I am that man!" "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said: "I have staid at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands." Alas for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and Angelica, Caligula and Torquatus, Caesar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyse and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman, Dionysius and Philoxenus, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters. Closterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds. Francia, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francia, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy, from which he dies. Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other! Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard of each other. Religious jealousies. The Mohammedans praying for rain during a drought; no rain coming. Then the Christians begin to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mohammedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers He kept the drought on so as to keep them praying, but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that He sent rain right away, so he would not hear any more of their supplication.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died and a statue was lifted to him in a public place his envious antagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue, until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body, and it is killing to the soul. How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block. Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at the success of others.

Besides that, if we do not get as much honor and as much attention as others, we ought to congratulate ourselves on what we escape in the way of assault. The French general riding on horseback at the head of his troops heard a soldier complain and say: "It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk." Then the general dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming through a ravine, a bullet from a sharpshooter struck the rider, and he fell dead. Then the general said: "How much safer it is to walk than to ride!"

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the pouting Christian. While there is so much congratulation within doors, the hero of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many pouting Christians there are in our day—Christians who do not like the music of the churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—pouting, pouting, pouting at society, pouting at the fashions, pouting at the newspapers, pouting at the church, pouting at the government, pouting at High Heaven. Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down. There are two cures in the Easter always sure to be well supplied—vinegar and red pepper! Oh, come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharin into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance and the pouting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father, who had embraces for the returning prodigal and coaxing words for the spiteful malcontent.

Ah, the face of this pouting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the Father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist, in sketching the field of Waterloo years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we might better understand the forgiving and radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever and forever, to take him back with an loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples and heaven in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us!

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Come, earth and Heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud: Lift the palm branches! Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender, all! Go in today and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. It is me that we should make merry and be glad, for this, thy brother, was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

## Cures Talk

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A Pretty Old Horse.

Rev. Frank Gunsaulus at one time believed that his parish work would be made much easier for him if he possessed a horse on which to ride from place to place, so he determined to purchase one. Now what Rev. Mr. Gunsaulus didn't know about a horse would fill a large volume, and as might have been expected he fell into the hands of the phillistines. He saw nothing wrong with the horse, however. He had told the man of whom he bought it that he was not used to riding, and so wanted a quiet animal, and in this respect, at least, the horse fully came up to the requirements. One day Rev. Mr. Gunsaulus' father came to visit him, and the horse was proudly shown to him. Gunsaulus perched himself on the horse over carefully. "Well, Frank," he said, at last, "he isn't much on looks, is he?"

"No," answered Frank, "but then, you know, father, the Savior rode a horse that was anything but handsome."

"Yes, I've heard that," said the old man, reflectively. "Frank," he added, suddenly, "you've got a treasure. I'll bet this is the same horse."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Naturally a man commences to go to the dogs when he begins to growl.—Chicago Democrat.

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